



# KRUG Presents The Adventures of **PETER WHEAT**

At the edge of the wheat field stands a tiny kingdom of peaceful little creatures.

Peter Wheat and his mother, the Queen, reign over the small country and try to protect it from its deadly enemy, the fierce Hornet Knights.



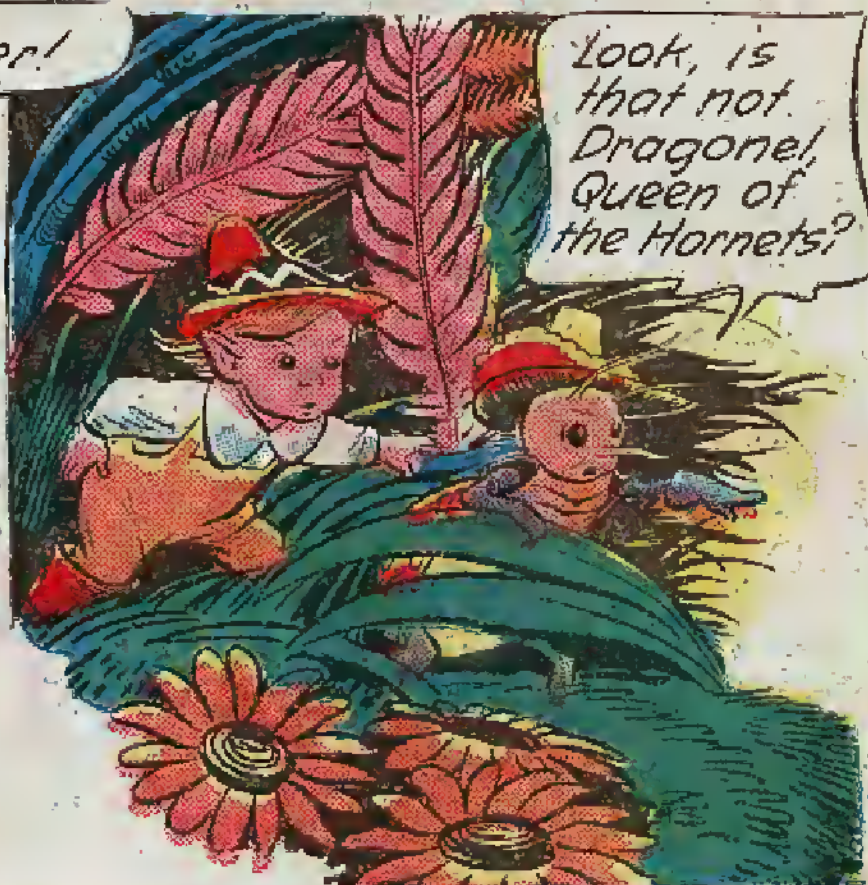
Come on, Beetle, let's ride as far as the big old oak.

Fine, Peter.



Hold on, Peter!

Look, is that not Dragonel, Queen of the Hornets?







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Aye, 'tis Drogonell!  
She's talking with  
two of her henchmen.  
If we sneak close,  
we may overhear  
what wicked deed  
they are plotting.



See there, how huge the  
wheat field has become.

Aye! Soon it  
will crowd  
us out.

The Kingdom of the Hornets will  
soon be nothing but a wheat field.  
We lose everything to civilization.

Aye.



There's but one thing to  
do—we must burn the  
wheat! And woe to any  
who try to stop us.

Did you hear—  
oh-oh-  
oh-choo!

Sh-sh-sh—if they  
find us, we're  
done for!





After them! Two of the villagers were hiding in the grass!



Run to the village, Beetle—tell them of the Hornets' plan—quickly!



I'll fool them—one will chase me now to keep their secret—and I'll ambush him.



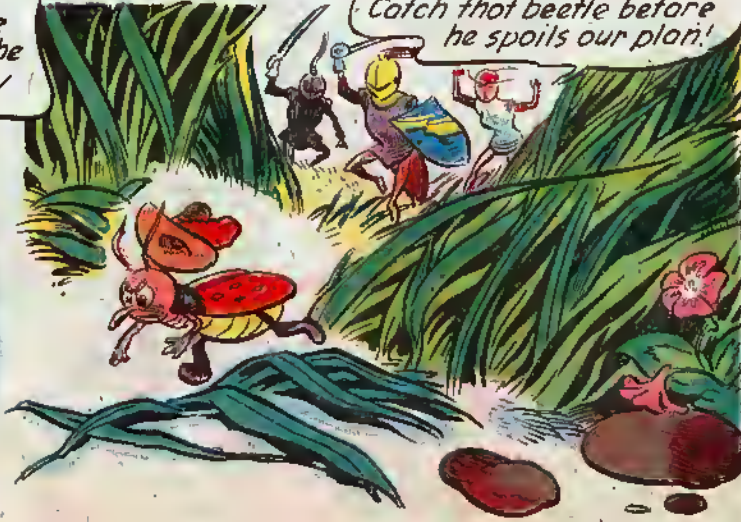
More hornets! They've captured the mice!



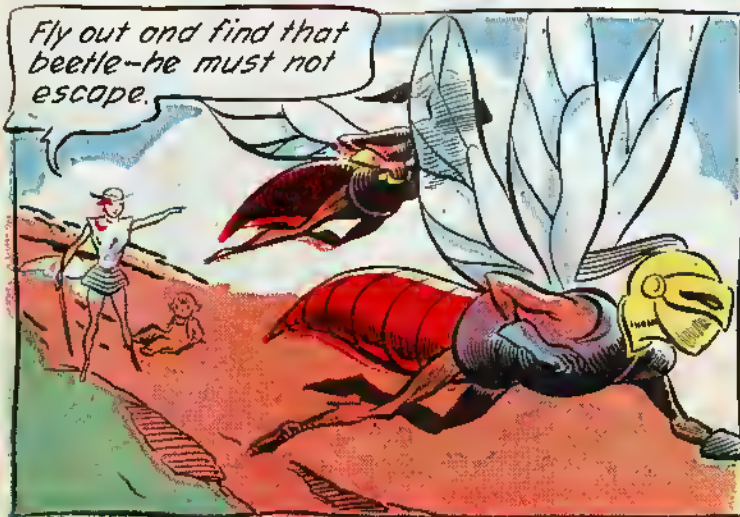
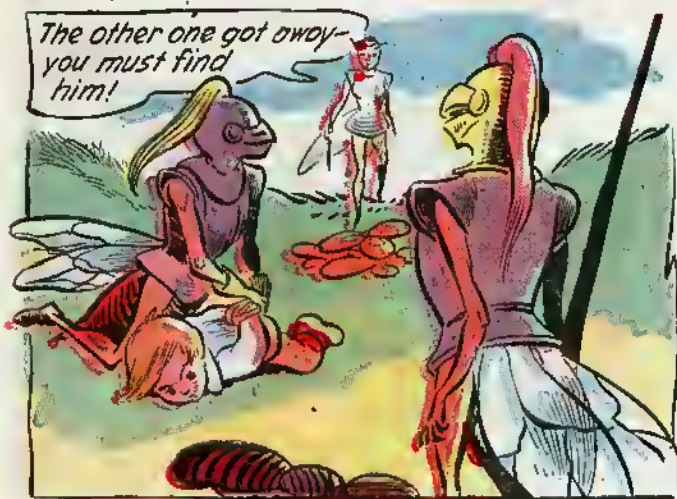
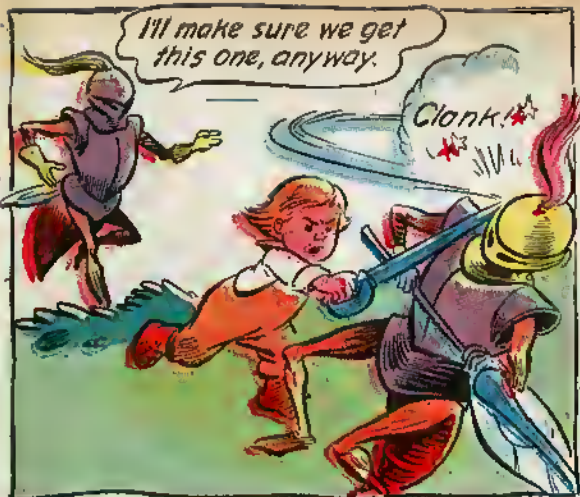
I'll have to dive into the grass—the Queen and the other knight are on my heels.



Catch that beetle before he spoils our plan!







Our hornet fortress has many dungeons and torture chambers—you'll regret your actions, Peter.



If you burn the wheat, you, too, will regret it.

A shrew! The fiercest animal for its weight in the world!



They're always hungry—he'll try to eat us both.



I can't leave you tied up if he attacks.

Uh—what?

I don't understand—you're usually so—uh—



Cruel?— On guard, Peter. Wheat—the shrew advances!

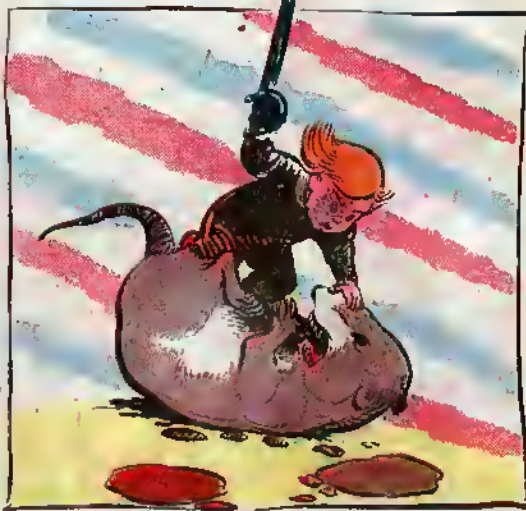
I'm caught in this spider web—help!

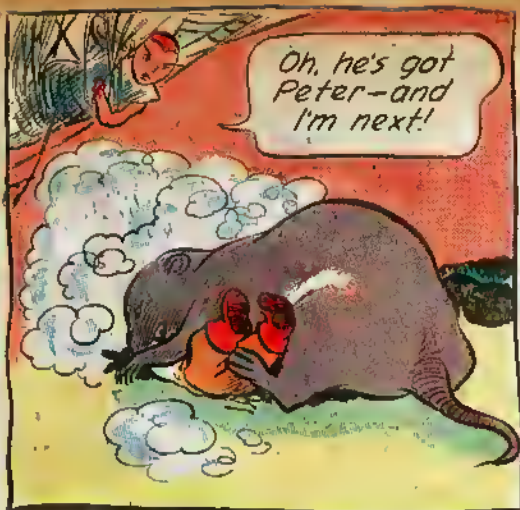






Note: A shrew is one of the smallest mammals in the world. It eats most of the time and is the fiercest fighter of all small animals.





Oh, he's got Peter—and I'm next!



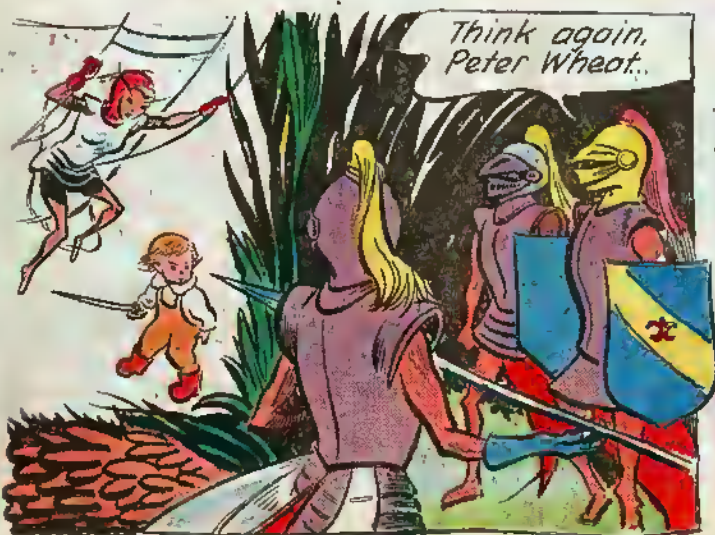
No, not next, Queen Dragonel—the shrew's work is done.



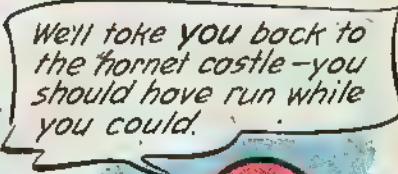
Fly now, Peter, before my men return—you have saved my life—I owe you a favor.



Oh no, Queen, I'll not leave you to carry out your plan to destroy the wheat fields—I'll cut you down from that web as my prisoner.



Think again, Peter Wheat.



We'll take you back to the thornet castle—you should have run while you could.



Take him directly to my father, men.  
We will give him a fair trial.



The Queen is here with  
a prisoner, Peter  
Wheat.

What!?



Wonderful!

Have him brought  
before me in the  
throne room.

Aye,  
master.



To the throne  
room with  
him!



Prostrate yourself  
before your betters!

Ha!





Well, Peter Wheat, so you are helpless? Suppose we chop off your head?

Nay, father, we have more important work first.

Very well! Ho, guard-throw this villain into a dungeon.

If you will make fire with your wizardry, we will set fire to the wheat fields

Excellent!

Into your cell!

Locked in here, helpless! And when they've burned the wheat fields, they'll come back and chop off my head

Light from that tiny window—maybe I could squeeze through

If I could just get my hands untied—

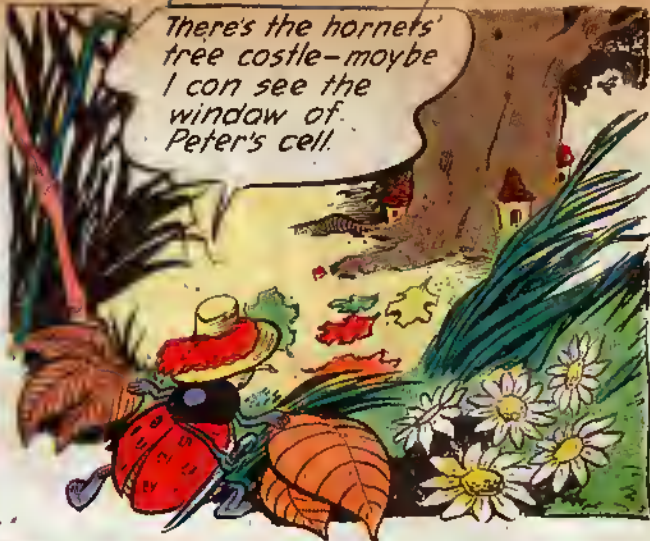


Down on the ground, Beetle struggles through the underbush.

Phew—managed to elude them



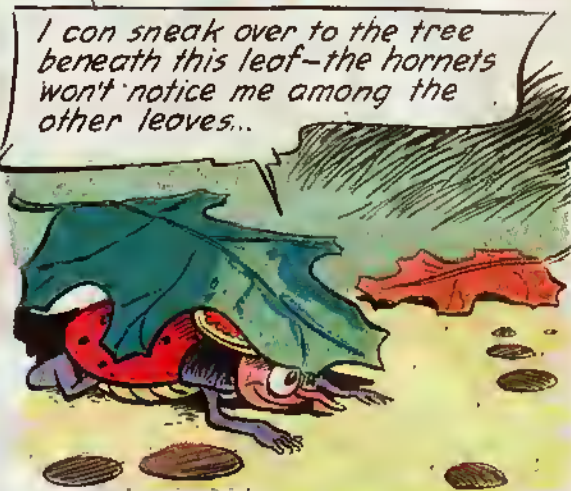
There's the hornets' tree castle—maybe I can see the window of Peter's cell.



Gosh—that looks like Beetle and he's wowing.



I can sneak over to the tree beneath this leaf—the hornets won't notice me among the other leaves...



Good—no one saw me—now to climb that vine.



Hsst, Beetle—thank goodness you've come!

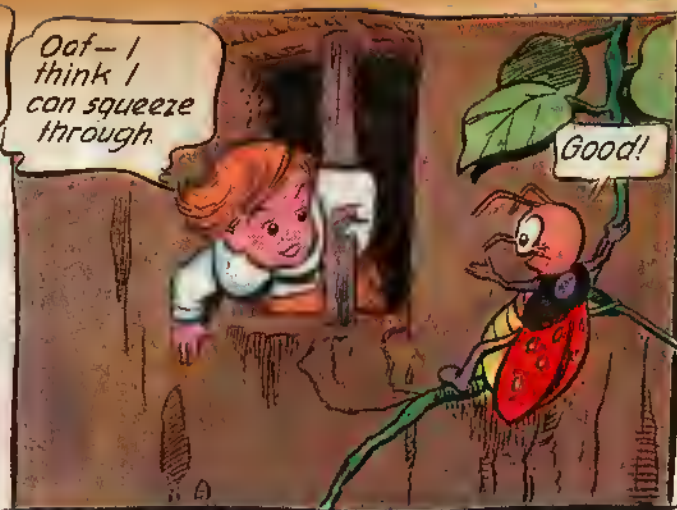
Brought my knife to cut your bonds.







I can saw through these ropes in a jiffy.



Oaf—I think I can squeeze through.

Good!



That's it—sneak out on that limb. We can cross over to another tree.



Oop—look for a soft spot to jump—they see us!



See! The beetle has freed Peter—after them!



Jump into that bush. Beetle! Jump!



Quick! Scramble down to the ground—there's a mole hole there we can hide in.



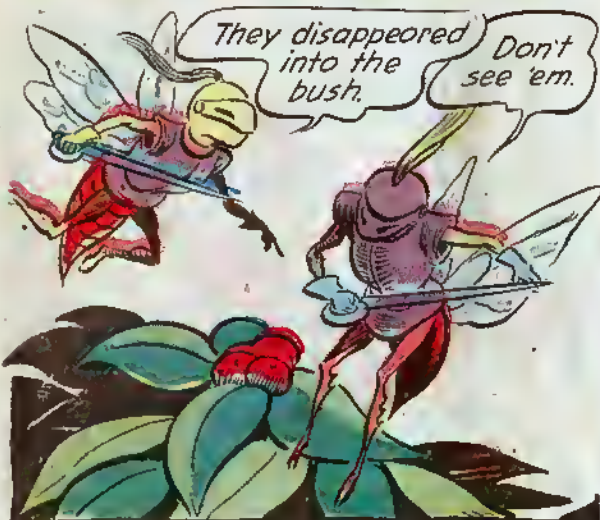
Oof—safe! Are you?

Yes—all right here.



They disappeared into the bush.

Don't see 'em.



Here we are—dosh in



Did they see us?

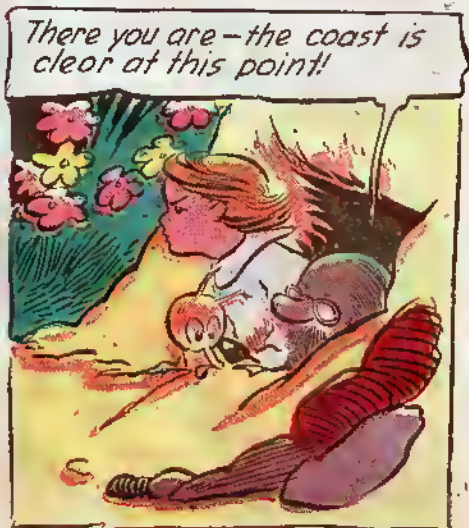
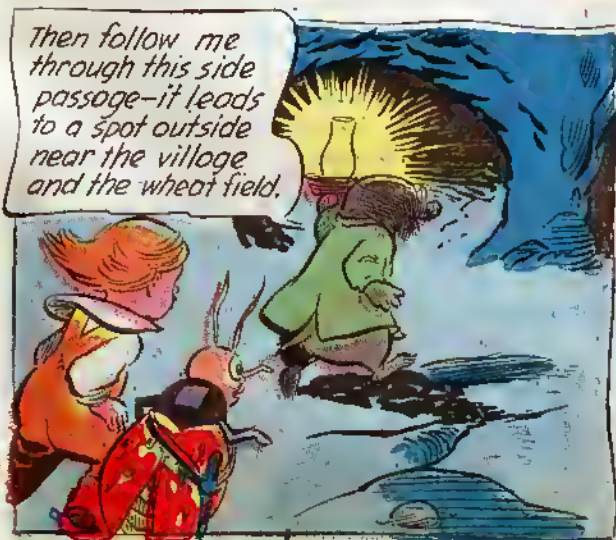
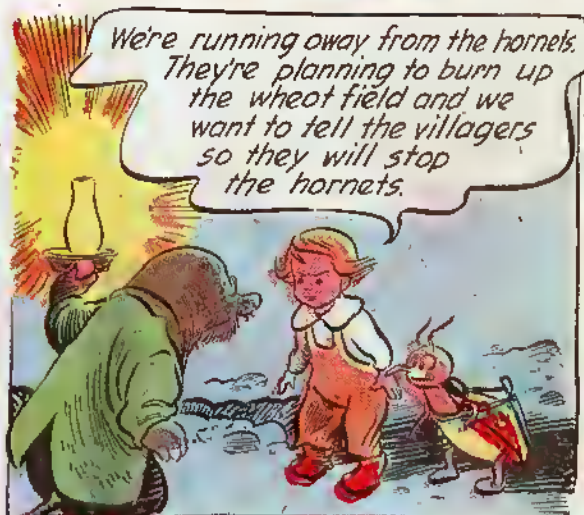
No—but they're searching.



Then we'd better get farther back into the mole's passage.



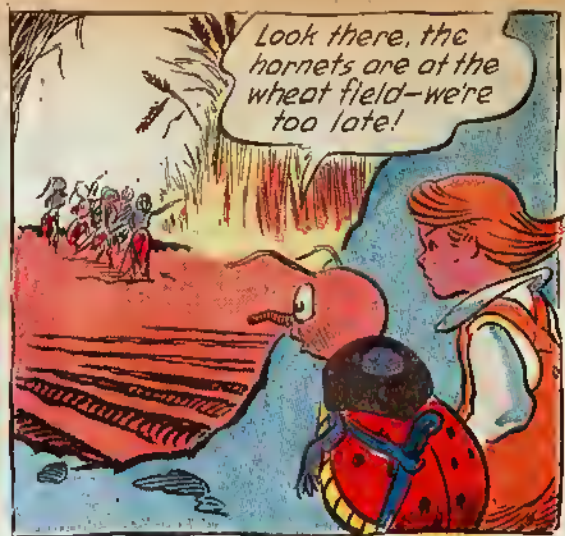




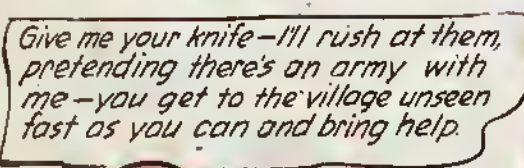




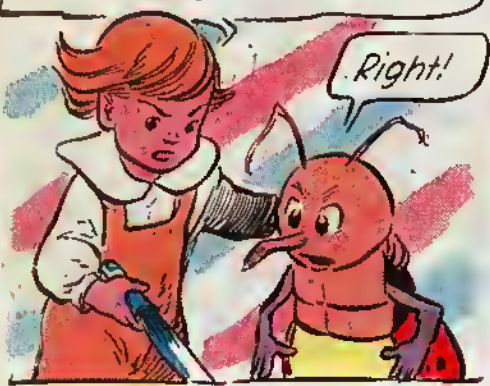
Quickly,  
past the  
wheat field  
and to the  
village.



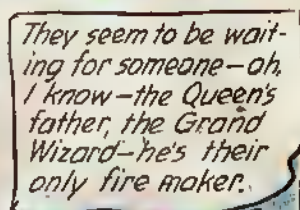
Look there, the  
hornets are at the  
wheat field—we're  
too late!



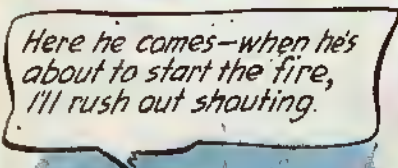
Give me your knife—I'll rush at them,  
pretending there's an army with  
me—you get to the village unseen  
fast as you can and bring help.



Right!



They seem to be wait-  
ing for someone—oh,  
I know—the Queen's  
father, the Grand  
Wizard—he's their  
only fire maker.



Here he comes—when he's  
about to start the fire,  
I'll rush out shouting.



All right, men. get your brands  
ready and when I start the  
fire, spread it through  
the wheat.

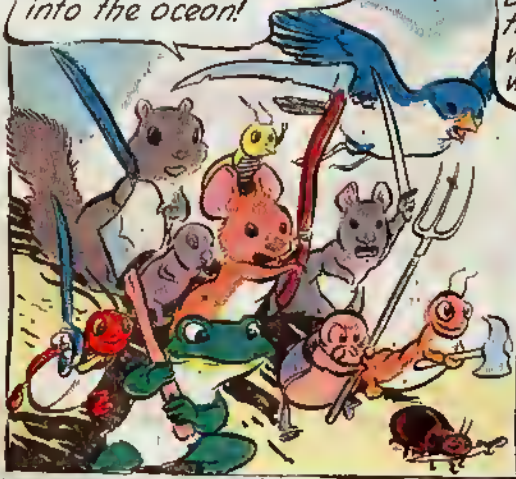


Beetle reaches the village.

To arms! To arms! The hornets are going to fire the wheat—Peter's trying to hold them off.

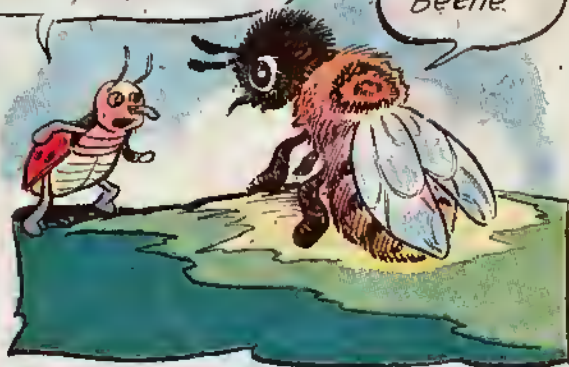


We'll push the hornets into the ocean!



Bumble Bee, will you get the bees to help? The hornets want to burn the wheat and we must stop them.

Aye! Hop on my back, Beetle.



Meanwhile Peter attacks the hornets' fire party.

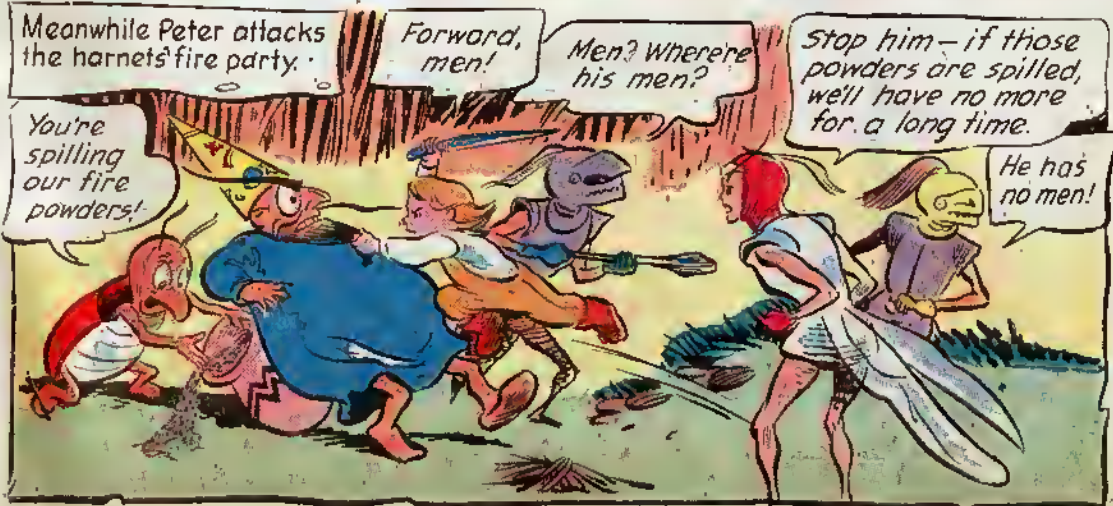
You're spilling our fire powders!

Forward, men!

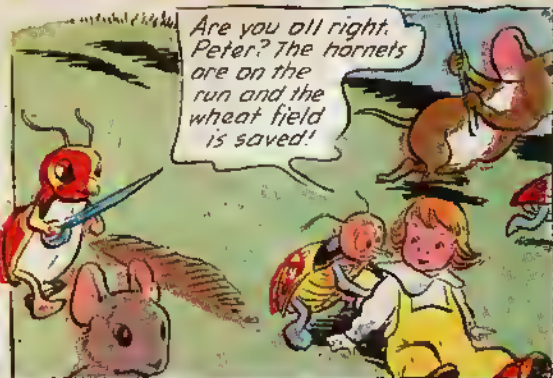
Men? Where're his men?

Stop him—if those powders are spilled, we'll have no more for a long time.

He has no men!







AND SO  
ENDS THE  
FIRST OF  
MANY AD-  
VENTURES  
WITH THE  
QUEEN OF  
THE  
HORNETS

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